

# The Mirror

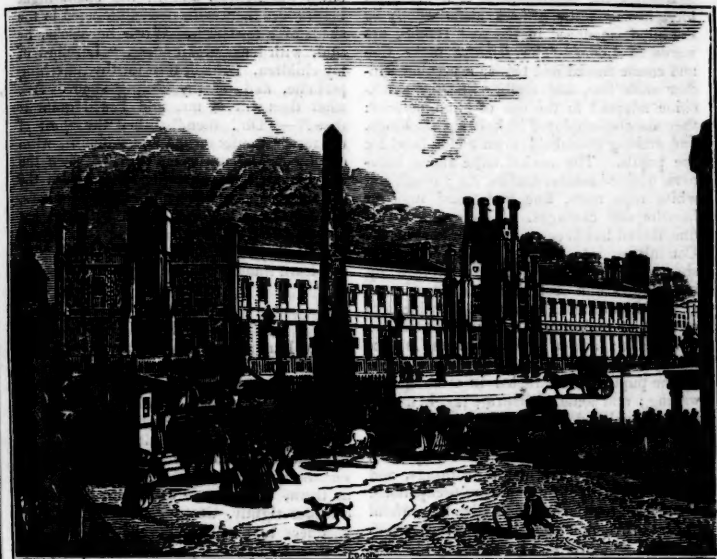
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 707.]

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[PRICE 2d.]



NEW SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND,

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

"This excellent institution originated in the benevolence of four gentlemen of the metropolis, Messrs. Ware, Bosanquet, Boddington, and Houlston, who opened it, in 1799, at the house once so notorious as a resort of amusement and debauch, called the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields." Its provisions were, for some time after its establishment, for only fifteen blind persons; but, it had become so patronized in eleven years' time, that it possessed funds enough to purchase a plot of freehold ground opposite the obelisk in St. George's Fields, and erect the buildings within which the Institution is now conducted. The Society was incorporated by Act of Parliament at this period; and the number of pupils, according to the last published Report, published in July, 1833, had increased from fifteen males, admitted in 1800, to 112, namely fifty-five males and fifty-seven females; and, it is now proposed to extend the provisions of the institution to 100 males and the same number of females. The funds for this desirable end are happily sufficient: for the funded capital of the Society, at the close of 1833, amounted to 60,511*l.*, besides 500*l.* secured by bond, and a few freehold and leasehold tenements; independently of dona-

tions and yearly subscriptions. The Committee, have accordingly, purchased a plot of ground adjoining that facing the obelisk, and on it is now in course of erection, the handsome building represented in the Engraving, from a design by John Newman, Esq., F.S.A.\*

The foundation-stone was laid on April 25 last, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President, who, surrounded by a great number of the clergy, and other benevolent subscribers, performed the usual rites, religious and masonic. In the music-room a hymn was touchingly sung by several of the pupils; after which the Secretary ably explained the state of the Charity and its future objects. A considerable sum of money was collected in the course of the day.

In the hope of extending the knowledge of the benefits of this excellent Institution, we may state that the individuals received into the Asylum are clothed, lodged, boarded, and taught at its expense; and, by the last Report, since its establishment, upwards of 180 individuals had been instructed, and returned to their families, able to earn from six to eight shillings per week. Applicants are not received under twelve, nor above thirty

\* From an excellent Lithograph, sold at the School.

years of age, nor if they have a greater degree of sight than will enable them to distinguish light from darkness.

Besides the School, there is a Manufactory, in which the articles made wholly by the blind, produced in the year 1832-3, upwards of 1,345*l*. The females make fine and coarse thread and twine, a peculiar window sash-line, and clothes-line, by a machine adapted to the use of blind persons: they are also employed in knitting stockings, and making household linen and apparel for the pupils. The males make shoes, hampers, wicker-baskets, cradles, &c.; rough and white rope mats, fine mats, and rugs for hearths and carriages. A large quantity of fine thread has been woven, by order of the Committee, into cloth of good quality, for sheeting; the coarse thread is worked up into clothes and sash-lines; and specimens of the latter have been approved of by builders of the first eminence. All these articles are well made; and a large assortment is constantly kept on sale.

The pupils are instructed in reading and writing; and some of them are taught music, and are qualified as organists.

When the pupils leave the School, and have attained a sufficient knowledge of their trade, they receive a portion of their earnings, and a set of tools for their respective occupations. Many have returned to their friends, grateful for the instruction they have received in religion and morality, and qualified, by the skill they have acquired, to contribute, in a great degree, towards their own maintenance. A few of those so instructed have, however, been kept upon a permanent establishment, on a supposition that their earnings are sufficient to maintain them, and that their skill is necessary to enable the Institution to keep up the credit of its manufacture.

The new building is the appropriate old English domestic style of architecture. It is a handsome elevation, and highly creditable to the talents of the architect. The interior will be judiciously arranged, so as to receive 220 persons; and, sincerely do we hope that the active, and, with delight we add, the characteristic, benevolence of the public will enable the Society to realize the full extent of their warm-hearted labours to "improve the condition and increase the comfort of those whose claims to compassion and assistance cannot be disputed."

A visit to the School is a moral and by no means an unpleasant lesson to the sensitive heart. You will not find the pupils, (of a class hitherto considered as doomed to a life of sorrow and discontent,) sitting in listless indolence, or brooding in silence over their own infirmities; but you will behold them animated in their amusements, during the hours of recreation, and cheerfully attentive to their work during those of employment.

## THE MOSS-ROSE.

(From the German.)

One delightful spring day, the angel who tends the flowers, and in the silent night besprinkles them with dew, slumbered in the shade of a rose-bush. When he awoke, he said, with looks of kindness, "Loveliest of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing perfume, and for thy cooling shade. Ask what thou wilt of me, and I will grant it thee?"—"Oh! then," sighed the spirit of the rose, "confer on me a new charm, without increasing my splendour?" Then the angel adorned the fairest of flowers with the simple moss; and the loveliest of her race, the moss-rose, appeared in her beautiful but modest attire. Hence learn, ye fair, to despise gaudy finery and the glistening gem, and learn humility in the works of nature.

W. G. C.

## VIRTUE AND WISDOM.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—"There are no such guards of safety, as virtue and wisdom. The one secures the soul; the other, the estate and body. The one defends us against the stroke of the law; the other against the mutability of fortune. The law has not power to strike the virtuous: nor can fortune subvert the wise. Surely there is more divinity in them, than we are aware of: for, if we consider rightly, we may observe virtue or goodness to be habitual, and wisdom the distributive or actual part of the Deity. Thus, all the creatures flowing from these two, they appeared to valdè bona, as in the text. And the son of Sirach couples them more plainly together: for he says, all the works of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his commandments are done in due season. These only perfect and defend a man. When unjust kings desire to cut off those they distaste, they first lay trains to make them fall into vice: or, at last, give out that their actions are already criminal; so rob them of their virtue, and then let the law seize them. Otherwise, virtue's garment is a sanctuary so sacred, that even princes dare not strike the man that is thus robed. It is the livery of the King of Heaven: and who dares arrest one that wears his cloth? This protects us when we are unarmed: and is an armour that we cannot, unless we be false to ourselves, lose. Demetrius could comfort himself with this, that though the Athenians demolished his statues, yet they could not extinguish his more pyramidal virtues, which were the cause of raising them. Phocion did call it the divine law, which should be the square of all our actions. Virtue is the tenure by which we hold of heaven: without this we are but outlaws, which cannot claim protection. Sure virtue is a defenderess, and valiants the heart of man. If sometimes virtue gives not freedom, she yet gives such cordials, as frolic the

heart in the press of adversity. She beams forth herself to the gladdening of a bruised soul: and by her light, the dungeoned prisoner dances. Especially she is brave, when her sister wisdom is with her. I see not but it may be true, that the wise man cannot fall. Fortune, that the ancients made to rule all, the wisest of the ancients have subjected to wisdom. It is she that gives us a safe conduct through all the various casualties of mortality. And, therefore, when fortune means to ruin us, she flatters us first from this altar: she cannot hurt us till we be stript of these habiliments: than she doth both wound and laugh. It is rare to see a man decline in fortune, that hath not declined in wisdom before. She dares not, she cannot hurt us while we continue wise. Discretion sways the stars and fate: for wealth, the philosopher's foresight of the scarcity of oil, shows that it can help in that defect. For honour, how many did it advance in Athens to a renowned authority? When all is done, the wise man only is the cunningest fencer. No man can either give a blow so soon, or ward himself so safely. Surely, God intended we should value these two above our lives; to live, is common; to be wise and good, particular; and granted but to a few. I see many that wish for honour, for wealth, for friends, for fame, for pleasure: I desire but these two—virtue, wisdom. I find not a man that the world ever had, so plentiful in all things as was Solomon. Yet we know, his request was but one of these; though indeed it included the other. For without virtue, wisdom is not; or if it be, it is then nothing else but a cunning way of undoing ourselves at the last.

W. G. C.

## THE POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

MR. BULWER, in his *England, and the English*, has put forth some able criticisms on the English poets: he has analyzed their several excellencies (and particularly Byron's) with grace and critical discernment. But, no mention is made of those female minstrels who, in humbler, gentler strains, delight the ear and heart with their soft melody. I could not help wishing that the pen of the critic had condescended to scan their claims to public favour, and with his own vivid colours had painted the different excellencies of these fair and gifted ones. Unequal am I to the task, but if my very humble attempt should set some abler pen in motion on this hitherto neglected theme, my presumption may, perhaps, be forgiven.

Mrs. Hemans—what an association of grace and poetic beauty dwells in that name! among the female minstrels of the land, she stands pre-eminent. Her thoughts and feelings seem disenthralled from earthly dross, and while still an inhabitant of this diurnal

sphere, her lofty and pure spirit seems to "rest and expatiate" on all things ethereal. She is not of the "earth, earthy,"—her mind is essentially poetical. You trace her path by the moonlight of her own sweet world, among forest solitudes, in rich leafy glooms, "by the sweet voice of hidden waters stir'd;" in the minster's lonely aisle,—on the sandy shore of ocean, listening to its melancholy booming. There is a most sweet and wild melody in her rich harp strings when she sings of the ocean, and of the true and brave, who sleep within its pearly caves; but ever with a holy joy lifting her strain to that better land, where "they shall rest, remembering not the moaning of the sea." Gray is said to have attained to the perfection of making his words, in many instances, seem an echo to the sense intended to be conveyed, and no one can read his *Bard* and *The Progress of Poetry*, without acknowledging this. But not even Gray has attained to greater excellence in this art, than has Mrs. Hemans, when she sings of

"The chime of low, soft southern waves, on some  
green palmy shore,  
The hollow roll of distant surge, the gathered  
billows roar!"

In the first line, you hear the tiny wavelet breaking in summer calmness, with a soft, pebbly sound, beneath some laughing sky. In the last, the augmented billow rushes on with its foamy crest, to burst with hollow, sounding violence at your feet. Her classic muse delights to wander over the scene of empires past: she loves the broken column and the mouldering arch, "where reeds are whispering of heroic themes, by temples of old time." She sends a melancholy note from the "land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain!" and muses over the beautiful and deserted halls of the Alhambra in strains that might call back the heroism of the Moorish kings, were any left to dwell in those splendid ruins. With what exquisite tenderness does her song pervade all homeborn sympathies and household affections! The mother's lament over her "beautiful and brave,"—the home of childhood revisited,—the foreign grave "in the shadow of the pyramid,"—the yearnings of affection "for looks, tones, voices, that return no more," are each and all like sad yet soothing music from her pen. Nothing in this way, exceeds her *Graves of a Household*: how exquisitely are we told where the eldest of the bright band found a grave—

"The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade."

Who has read *The Records of Woman*, and not felt the extreme beauty of the Lady Arabella Stuart's lament, and her prison-bound yearnings after the song of birds, the scent of flowers—

"the green, the free,  
The full of all sweet sounds, the shut from me."

In the American wood-tale, how sweetly does Edith, (the dying girl,) comfort her parents with the hope of meeting again on some happier shore ;—"For we have prayed together, in one trust :"—and the mother's fond regret—

"And we shall miss thy voice, my bird,

Under our whispering pine :

Music will from its leaves be heard,

But not a song like thine !"

Where shall we stop, when the beauties of this admirable writer are to be enumerated. As easy would it be to look to the galaxy of stars, and select the brightest, as to single out what has charmed us in her writings, without including all. For poetic grace, tenderness, and purity, for a rich assemblage of images, conjured up at will, from a region untrodden by the cold, the selfish, and the worldly, she stands alone. Perhaps the nearest approach to her style, in the poetry of by-gone years, may be found in the writings of that most unhappy, but lovely and gifted woman, Mary Robinson, whose "Lament of the Queen of France over her children in their prison in the Temple," resembles in its touching cadences the peculiar charm which is felt in reading Mrs. Hemans's poetry. Of her I must now take my leave, happy if these desultory remarks shall have awakened feelings of admiration and gratitude, on recalling the pure and beautiful melody of this accomplished writer.

Kirton-Lindsey.

ANNE R—.

## Manners and Customs.

### FIERY CEREMONIES AT JAVA.

[THE following description of an extraordinary scene which recently occurred at Java, is abridged from a work which has just been published in New York, entitled, *Cruise of the United States' Frigate Potomac Round the World.*]

Giving our horses in charge to some Malays, we proceeded on foot across a paddy-field, and over a light foot-bridge of split bamboo. About 2,000 people had assembled, consisting of Chinese and Malays, chiefly the former, and multitudes were continually pouring in. They were habited in every variety of shade and colour, from sable black to snowy white, and many of them were magnificently attired.

On one side of the square was a large scaffolding for the spectators ; on the opposite a grove of trees. In the centre was a huge pile of burning coals, over which a large fan was swung continually by two persons, one on either side, for the purpose of fanning the coals into fiercer combustion. This fan was made of split bamboo, woven like Indian matting, containing several square yards, and attached to a handle about sixteen feet in length.

At a little distance was a Chinese temple. Its front and sides were supported by a large number of columns, the base and capitals having a variety of tawdry ornaments, and bound to each column were numbers of little images gorgeously clad, and armed with spears and swords. These, we were told, were tutelary saints, stationed there to beat off and keep at a distance the evil genii. In what might be called the chancel of the temple, were arranged on a kind of altar about a dozen idols, richly attired in scarfs and ribands of red, yellow, &c. Before these tawdry idols were tables loaded with oblations, such as fowls, fish, pigs' heads, sweet-meats, conserves, &c., all which were gaudily decorated. Other altars were erected in different parts of the temple, before which were placed the same kind of offerings in the way of creature comforts ; and incense and wax tapers were every where burning, filling the temple with odours.

In an outer court of the temple was a covered platform, on which were musicians, and some theatrical performance was going on. The *dramatis personæ* appeared to be a man, a woman, and a little girl ; but I afterwards learned that they were all females of no very uncertain character. They were fantastically appressed, and their performances were to me childish and indecent in the extreme ; but nevertheless they called forth much merriment among the Chinese. A female personage first appeared ; she boldly faced the spectators, and went through divers odd gesticulations, occasionally accompanying them with a plaintive song in a low, mournful tone. A male personage next entered, who, I concluded, was her lover. A dialogue in complaining recitative ensued between them ; and the play ended by the little girl, and one of the couple giving her a hearty kiss. As to the subject of the farce, it seemed to be some love-affair ; and it was highly indelicate throughout.

Upon re-entering the temple I found my reverend friend seated in one corner of it, discoursing fervently to a crowd of people around him. He held in his hand a bundle of Chinese and Malay tracts, when, without his solicitation, numbers of the people approached him and requested copies. This was an encouraging sight, and induced a reasonable hope that, at no distant period, scenes of Christian worship may be every where witnessed among this hitherto degraded people. Until quite recently, with his most earnest and urgent intreaties, Mr. Medhurst could not prevail upon either a Chinese or a Malay to accept a single pamphlet. Now they are eagerly sought for and read. Formerly, the people would not listen to his discourse with any degree of attention ; but now they seemed to take a deep interest in it.

As the crowd began to collect around the principal altar we drew near, and found the high-priest deeply engaged in prayer to the gods for their assistance in the ensuing ceremonies. In his right hand he held a bell, in his left a ram's horn; and howling low before the altar, he alternately rang the bell and blew the horn; whilst at intervals the whole place re-echoed to the sound of gongs, kettle-drums, and other noisy instruments, beaten by a band of musicians stationed near him, in the most furious and vehement manner. On the altar was a salt-cellar, in conformity to the ancient usages by which "every offering shall be seasoned with salt." (Lev. ii. 13; Mark ix. 49.) There was also a bowl of "clear water and hyssop," into which he occasionally dipped his fingers, and with it sprinkled himself and the place immediately around him.

These ceremonies being finished, the priests moved on in procession, followed by the multitude, and took a station near the great fire, which the people were still fanning with the huge fan above described. Here the high-priest repeated nearly the same ceremonies which he had performed in the temple, assisted by three inferior priests; and, by degrees, what with the heat of the fire, and his own devout exertions, the perspiration poured in streams down his face. The fire at this time was one glowing mass, twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, and more than two feet deep.

The fire ceremony now commenced by one of the inferior priests waving several times over the fire a large, black flag, in the centre of which were some Chinese characters in gold leaf, signifying, "The King of the dark Heaven." The high-priest then approached close to the fire, and began marching round it, panting and puffing, and ever and anon blowing a blast with his ram's horn. This done, the salt-cellar was brought to him, and he sprinkled the salt upon the fire, and did the same with the clear water and hyssop. He then repeated his circular march round the fire, blowing his discordant ram's horn, and casting into the fire strips of paper stamped with Chinese characters.

The assistant priests then brought to him a richly-hilted sword, and several small paper flags of various colours, and he became wild with frenzy. He blew his horn louder and longer than before, and cut the air with his sword in the most frantic manner. This, we were told, was to drive away the evil spirits; for the Chinese believe that, on such occasions, the whole air is filled with them.

Loud shouts were now heard upon the outskirts of the crowd, and three devotees were seen rushing down from the temple, in their way to the great fire, bearing in their arms their idol gods. A part of the multitude attempted to interrupt their progress; but this

only seemed to inspire them with redoubled energy, and the tumult became dreadful. A tremendous rush was made towards the fire, and had not I and my companions been firmly planted, and protected by other objects, we should inevitably have been either trampled to death, or borne along into that mount of glowing fire. As the tide of human beings rushed on, the dense crowd which encircled the fire opened to the right and left, and the devotees, with the gods in their arms, headed by the priests, rushed through the flames, trampling barefooted upon that mass of glowing embers.

The idolaters now began literally to "in-flame themselves with idols and to be mad upon them." They passed and repassed through the fire repeatedly and in quick succession, so quickly, indeed, that one of them lost his cap, which was directly burnt up, and another had the misfortune to drop a god into the fire; and his godship would have shared the fate of the cap, had not a bystander instantly plucked it like a brand from the burning.

In the midst of all this mummery, one of the devotees fell down, apparently dead; and he was hastily seized and carried into the temple, followed by the excited and shouting populace. He was laid upon his back before the altar, where he lay for some time in all the semblance of a lifeless corpse. Suddenly, as if aroused from some horrible dream, he sprang upon his feet, exhibiting in his face the wildest expression; and he was instantly seized by half a dozen stout fellows, who, with their utmost exertions, were scarcely able to hold him. At length, he became again as inanimate as a corpse, and was again laid down on his back, when the high-priest attempted sundry strange incantations by way of restoring him to life. He stamped upon the floor furiously, and marched round him, cracking a whip, and alternately ringing a bell with great vigour; but, nevertheless, the man lay still. At length, another priest looking upwards, began supplicating the gods to restore the man's soul to his body; but he was immediately reproved by one of the bystanders, who said, "You fool! the god is not there; the god is in the man:" and, in obedience to this suggestion, he began worshipping the apparently dead body.

The place now re-echoed with the sound of gongs, drums, cymbals, and bells. The noise was discordant and deafening; and the dead man, unable to sleep amidst such a clatter, suddenly jumped upon his feet again. He was then told that he must present an offering to the gods, and return thanks to them for giving him his soul again; and this having been done, the scene closed.

How severely these idolaters were burned, I could not ascertain. That they were greatly



injured was evident enough; indeed it could scarcely be otherwise, as their limbs were perfectly naked. We were informed that when these exhibitions are over, the fire devotees are confined to their dwellings for a considerable time; and that they immediately put their feet and legs in lime-water, to remove the soreness. We were also told that the priests and the train of votaries who accompanied them through the fire were hired for the occasion, according to the usual custom, and received a handsome reward for the exhibition.

### The Naturalist.

#### SEA PEA.

THE sea pea, *Pisum maritimum*, is interesting from the legend, still rife in Suffolk, that it sprang up spontaneously on the coast in 1555, in a time of great scarcity. The miraculous arrival of these peas is mentioned by Stow and Camden, and these historians supposed them to have sprung from the cargo of some vessel wrecked on the coast and washed ashore; but the sea-pea is a distinct species, probably indigenous, and only first made use of in a time of dearth. The seeds are bitter and unpalatable. — *Burnett's Outlines of Botany.*

#### THE NEAREST APPROACH TO BLACK IN FLOWERS.

PROFESSOR BURNETT observes [that] "the dark spot in the centre of the bean blossom, is perhaps the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower." — *Ibid.*

#### HENNA.

LAWSONIA ALBA, which some persons suppose to be the Gopher of Scripture, is the plant that affords the celebrated henna, or al-hanneh, of the Arabs. \* \* A paste made of the pounded leaves of this plant, is much used by the Egyptians, Arabs, and Turks, to dye their nails of a yellowish, dark red hue. This practice can be traced to a very high antiquity, for there is evidence that the nails of mummies have been so dyed. It does not seem that the women use henna either to heighten their own beauty, or to render their children more lovely, but rather as a mark of dignity, as slaves are forbidden to employ it. From the great esteem in which henna is held, and its vast consumption as an article of the toilet, it is cultivated expressly in Egypt for export to Constantinople, and yields the Pacha a considerable revenue. Henna is also used to colour the manes of horses, as well as to dye wool and leather. It contains no tannin, but is astringent, and from the gallic acid which is present in its juice, it forms a black dye with the salts of iron. In India, the leaves of henna, both taken internally or externally

applied, are reputed to be efficacious in removing cutaneous disorders, especially those of a leprous character. The flowers have a strong, and to most Europeans, a disagreeable odour; but, notwithstanding their powerful hircine smell, the oriental ladies use a water distilled from them as a cosmetic, and put them in beapots to perfume their apartments. — *Ibid.*

#### EVENING PRIMROSE.

THIS plant, the *Oenothera biennis*, Professor Burnett says "was once cultivated for the sake of its tubers, which might in some measure have stood in the stead of the potato, had they not been superseded by the introduction of the latter most valuable plant. The roots of this *Oenothera* were formerly eaten after dinner, as olives now are, being esteemed incentives to wine-drinking; and hence the generic name was changed from *Onagra*, the ass-food, to *Oenothera*, the wine-trap." — *Ibid.*

#### PROFESSOR FUSELI AN ENTOMOLOGIST.

IN the *Entomological Magazine* for the past month, (January,) Mr. W. Raddon mentions that the late Professor Fuseli, of the Royal Academy, was an enthusiastic entomologist, and assisted his brother by collecting insects for his famous archives. "I recollect his once chiding me for apathy, and concluded by saying, 'When I was of your age, I often went at two or three o'clock in the morning into the corn-fields and woods to collect for my brother, and many of the insects figured by him were from my drawings.' And to show you that it was not quite lost in the decline of his life, I will here mention that on the conclusion of his last lecture, and when descending the rostrum, Mr. Cooper kindly offered his assistance, he said, 'I thank you; O, is it you Cooper? Well, where is Raddon? Has he taken Atropos?' He was then upwards of eighty." This reminds us of Major Gyllenhal actively pursuing the study of entomology at a very advanced period of life. J. H. F.

#### BRITISH MUSEUM.

ON a recent visit to this Institution, we remarked some interesting additions to its treasures. Two cases of fossil reptiles, two cases of fossil pachydermatous and edentate animals, and also a human skeleton imbedded in limestone, brought from Guadeloupe by Admiral Cochrane, have been lately deposited in the Long Gallery, where they form, perhaps, the most interesting objects. On the walls of this apartment, several fine portraits of eminent men have been lately suspended. Instead of these being indiscriminately associated as at present they are, we would suggest their being arranged according to the stations or pursuits wherein the great originals were conspicuous. Thus, the naturalists,

(whose portraits are, certainly, most fit ornaments of a natural history museum,) Sloane, Ray, Aldrovand, Merian, &c., might form one distinct group; the poets, Shakspeare, Prior, Pope, &c., another group, and in the same way with the remainder. This would not only be in better taste, but would be more convenient, as we should then know where to find any particular portrait in the collection.

J. F.

#### THE YEW-TREE.

(Concluded from page 100.)

THE yew has the reputation of being poisonous. Authors greatly differ as to the degree; and so, probably, do the trees themselves. Evelyn endeavours to persuade himself that there is no foundation for this ill opinion of this tree, notwithstanding he relates several instances of its fatal properties. The Rev. Gilbert White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, mentions several instances wherein it has proved fatal to animals; and having perused, during the last two years, numbers of provincial papers, I have seen between thirty and forty instances of similar effects. Dr. Hunter mentions several others which produced the deaths of many individuals of the human species. There are many others, both ancient and modern on record. Julius Cæsar, in his Gallic war, relates that Cativulus, king of the Eburones, killed himself by drinking a draught of yew; and Dioscorides says, that a decoction of yew-leaves occasions death.

Old Gerarde says, in his Herbal, "The yew-tree, as Galen reporteth, is of a venomous quality, and against man's nature. Dioscorides writeth, and generally all that heretofore have dealt in the facultie of herbarisme, that the yew-tree is very venomous to be taken inwardly; and that, if any doe sleepe under the shadowe thereof, it causeth sickness, and oftentimes death. Moreover, they say, that the fruit thereof being eaten, is not only dangerous and deadly unto man, but if birds do eat thereof, it causeth them to cast their feathers, and many of them to die. All which I dare affirm to be wholly untrue; for when I was young, and went to schoole, divers of my school-fellows, and likewise myself, did eat our fils of the berries of this tree, and have not only slept under the shadowe thereof, but among the branches also, without any hurt at all, and that not one time, but many times."

"Daily experience shows it to be true, that the yew-tree in England is not poisonous; yet divers affirme, that in Provence in France, and in most hot countries, it hath such a maligne qualitie, that it is not safe to sleepe long, or to rest under the shadowe thereof."

Some persons believe that the leaf is poisonous, and not the berry. Dr. Southey speaks of it in this manner: of the berries

he speaks as having eaten them. Regretting the destruction of some trees which had been felled, he observes that—

"If he had played about here when a child,  
In that fore-court, and eat the yew-berries,  
And sat in the porch, threading the jessamine flow'rs  
Which fell so thick, he had not the heart  
To mar all thus."

Of the leaves he gives a different character

"Sure this is better  
Than a great hedge of yew, that makes it look  
All the year round like winter, and for ever  
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs  
Wither'd and bare!"

Thus the poet-laureate takes the opportunity of affording scope for a very reasonable argument, both to the friend as well as the enemy of the tree.

Martyn, in his Notes to Virgil, says, "The berries of the yew are said by Pliny to be poisonous. The leaves, also, are said by the ancients to be destructive to horses, which we find to be true in England." The berries have been eaten by myself and others with impunity: but this may be owing to the difference of climate: for Dioscorides, who says that it is not alike poisonous in all places, affirms that the berries are poisonous in Italy, and the shade hurtful in Narbonne. Perhaps, the species may be different; for there is mention of a species of yew in the Pisa garden; which is more bushy than the common, has leaves more like a fir, and sends forth such a poisonous smell when it is clipped, that the gardeners cannot work at it above half an hour at a time:

"Louring in the groves of death,  
Yew-trees yield funeral breath."—Harte.

Virgil considered this tree to be noxious hence

"Taxique nocentes."

It is well known to naturalists that the honey produced in the island of Corsica is exceedingly unwholesome, which Virgil apparently attributes to the bees feeding upon the yew. He seems to think the Corsican yew particularly hurtful:

"Sic tua Cyrrneas fugiant examina taxos."

Georgic IV.

"So may thy bees avoid the yews of Corsica."

In the fourth Georgic he desires that no yew-trees may be near their hives:

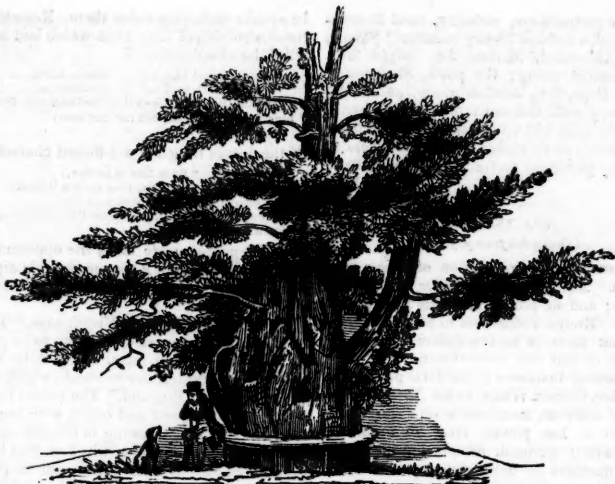
"Neu propius tectis taxum sine."

Wordsworth speaks of the yew as rather disagreeable to bees than injurious:

"Nay, traveller! rest. This lovely yew-tree stands  
Far from all human dwelling: what if here  
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?  
What if these barren boughs the bees not love?  
Yet if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves  
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind,  
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy."

It may be worthy the attention of the philosopher to consider how far the melancholy character of the yew may proceed from its solitary life. Dean Swift throws out a hint

• Lines left on a seat in a yew-tree, near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore.



(The Yew-tree, in Warblington Church-yard, near Portsmouth.)

on this subject, which may be turned to advantage. The story of Baucis and Philemon is, doubtless, familiar to the reader. Some authors assert, that the hospitable couple were transformed into limes; but the Dean contradicts this assertion:

"Description would but tire my muse:  
In short, they both were turned to yews.  
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green  
Remembers he the trees has seen;  
He'll talk of them from morn to night,  
And goes with folks to show the sight.  
On Sundays after evening prayer,  
He gathers all the parish there;  
Points out the place of either yew,  
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:  
Till once a parson of our town,  
To mend his barn cut Baucis down;  
At which 'tis hard to be believed  
How much the other tree was grieved,  
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,  
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it."

It was rather an act of extravagance, I think, in the parson to cut down Baucis to mend his barn, since the yew affords a beautiful, veined wood, which is very hard and smooth, and much valued by turners, inlayers, and cabinet-makers:—

"The beautiful the yew  
And phyllerea lend, to surface o'er  
The cabinet."

The late Rev. Mr. Gilpin was a great admirer of the yew-tree, and bitterly resents the manner in which it was so frequently shorn and shivered into all sorts of odd forms. "In nature," says he, "except in exposed situations, it is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful evergreens we have." Virgil mentions it as one of the trees which indicate a cold and barren soil.

Although the yew-tree is of a very slow growth, it is a long liver, and several have

accordingly grown to an immense bulk. For instance, the one at Warblington is twenty-six feet in circumference. I have seen some very fine ones in the neighbourhood of Maidstone; one at Loose, (if I recollect,) the Rev. Mr. Holloway informed me, measured either twenty-nine or thirty-one feet round, (I forget which.) In Leeds churchyard, in Kent, I saw a majestic yew, the greatest circumference of which was thirty-one feet two inches; at seven feet high, twenty-eight feet eight inches; diameter of the hollow, which, in October, 1833, when I saw it, some gipsies had been residing in it, eight feet six inches; height to the lowest branch, seven feet eleven inches; total height, thirty-two feet four inches; spread of the branches, fifty feet. The yew-tree seldom exceeds fifty or sixty feet in height. At Broomfields and at Otham, near Maidstone, there are some very fine yew-trees. Mr. Pennant mentions one in Fotheringhal churchyard, in the Highlands, the ruins of which measured fifty-six feet and a half in circumference. Mr. Evelyn speaks of one in the churchyard of Crowhurst, in Surrey, ten yards in circumference; and of another, a superannuated yew-tree, in Braburne churchyard, in Kent, which measured fifty-eight feet and eleven inches round, giving a diameter of six yards and a half.

Evelyn relates an odd story, which he quotes from Camden, referring to the yew-tree, and the origin of the name of Halifax, that, perhaps, may not be thought uninteresting:—

"One thing more, while I am speaking of this tree: it reminds me of that very odd story I find related by Mr. Camden, of a

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certain amorous clergyman, that falling in love with a very pretty maid, who refused his addresses, cut off her head, which, being hung upon a yew-tree till it was quite decayed, the tree was reputed sacred, not only while the virgin's head remained on it, but as long as the tree itself lasted: to which the country people went in pilgrimage, plucking and bearing away branches of it as an holy relic, whilst there remained any of the trunk; persuading themselves that those small veins and filaments resembling hairs, between the bark and body of the tree, were the hairs of the Virgin. But what is yet stranger, the resort to this place, then called Houton, a little despicable village, occasioned the building of the now famous town of Halifax, in Yorkshire, which imports holy hair."

I cannot do better, I think, than conclude this paper with some lines from Wordsworth, who, in my opinion, ranks with the finest poets of our own times; wherein he gives an admirable description of some large yews, and mentions the extreme slowness of their growth:

"There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,  
Which to this day stands single in the midst  
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons in the hands  
Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they marched  
To Scotland's heaths, or those that crossed the sea,  
And drew their sounding bows at Agincourt,  
Perhaps at earlier Cressy, or Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference, and gloom profound,  
This solitary tree! a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay:  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of note  
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove:  
Huge trunks! and each particular trunk a growth  
Of interwisted fibres serpentine,  
Upcoiling, and inveterately convoluted:  
Nor unalloyed with phantasy and looks  
That threaten the profane; a pillared shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
Perennially;—beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked  
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide: Fear, trembling hope,  
Silence and foresight—Death the skeleton,  
And Time the shadow, there to celebrate,  
As in a natural temple, scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of massy stone,  
United worship; or in mute repose  
To lie, and listen to the mountain-flood  
Murmuring from Glerama's inmost caves.

H. W. DEWHURST.

### New Books.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

(By Captain Chamier, R.N.)

[We quote the following from the first volume of this entertaining work, as a fair specimen of the interest that may be expected from its entire perusal. It describes a terrific action between a Spanish felucca, and the Rapid slave schooner.]

As the action was inevitable, it was judged prudent to avail ourselves of all advantages; we therefore began a pretty brisk fire of musketry, our two guns were brought aft, and our utmost care was used in vain to hit either a mast or a yard on the felucca. The chase was growing fast to a close, the wind had died away, and the sea no longer was running high. The captain called his men aft, formed them into two divisions, one of which he headed himself, and kept close under the starboard bulwark; the other was under the command of the mate, and was kept on the gangway, in order to repel the felucca's men, should they board farther forward than was anticipated. She steered gallantly for the quarter, and, running alongside of us, began the contest by instantly jumping on board the Rapid. Some endeavoured and ultimately succeeded in fastening the felucca's larboard-bow to the main channels of the Rapid. The first Spaniard who planted his foot on the deck, was dead before he could strike a blow. The captain, who stood as calmly as a statue, awaited his coming; but the instant he had jumped from the netting, and before he reached the deck, a cutlass was thrust up to the hilt in his body. The next man was seriously wounded and disabled. But they came on fearlessly: the increase of numbers soon overcame all resistance, and they effected a landing on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. Our men gradually gave way; and I, dreadfully frightened at the approach of our enemies, ran up the larboard main rigging, and sheltered myself in the main-top. The smoke from the firing covered my retreat; and when, panting with fear and anxiety, I had squeezed myself through lubber's hole, and had thrown myself flat down, I saw Waters in the same position, watching the fight, from the starboard side of the top. I observed the fray, which thus continued. The party belonging to the mate joined that of the captain, and they made a vigorous charge aft. The captain calling out for some one to cut away the peak and throat halyards, so as to let the boom mainsail down on the heads of the Spaniards, Waters instantly took his knife, saying,—“That is a good thought!” but he unfortunately cut the peak halyards first:—down went the peak, but it jammed the jaws of the gaff so close against the mast, that, when the throat halyards were cut, the sail still remained suspended. Had the captain charged as the peak fell, he might have dislodged his adversaries, for they were for a moment embarrassed by the loose canvass; but they instantly advanced, and, forming a double line abreast of the companion, they not only withstood the attack, but succeeded in repulsing the crew. The mate, with some hands, had made an attempt by endeavouring to get aft the larboard side, and a man to

man fight ensued. The Spaniards, who had wound round their left arms a kind of blanket, called a poncho, which is generally worn over the shoulders, used this as a shield, stopping every blow by offering their left arms, thus guarded, to the strong blow of the cutlass, when they rushed on, and with short daggers generally succeeded in their work of destruction. Both divisions of the Rapid's men were now on the gangways, when Captain Smith made another desperate charge to beat back his foes:—no words can tell how gallantly, how gloriously he strove against his cloud of enemies; no numbers could force him back; and although assailed at one time by no less than four, he bravely stood his ground. He had raised his arm to strike to the deck the captain of the Spanish privateer, when one of the Spaniards interposed, and for a moment, by entangling the cutlass, left the whole person of the captain defenceless; his son at that instant crept under his arm, and shot the interposing person, who fell. The crew, reanimated by the gallantry of the action, cheered aloud, and, had not fresh assistance come from the felucca at that moment, I think we might yet have won the day. The rush of the fresh men prevented the retreat of the front rank; and, urged on from behind, they advanced in spite of Smith, and in a few seconds our men were again on the gangways. Both parties seemed nearly vanquished by fatigue, and for the space of a couple of minutes a cessation of hostilities took place. To me, this was the most dreadful sight: the Spaniards from the felucca still continued to strengthen their party by adding fresh numbers; the vessels were alongside of each other, and I could see on the decks of the pirates, still more men than were sufficient at the beginning of the conflict to have captured the Rapid. I saw how perfectly useless was the struggle, and I knew what must be the result. Our men appeared dispirited, all but the captain; he cheered them on; he pointed to those he had slain; he urged the men to another more desperate attempt; he told them that the worst of deaths awaited their cowardice; and it were ten thousand times better to fall in the moment of battle, than coldly and deliberately to be exposed to the brutal violence and unrelenting butchery of the Spaniards. "Come on! come on!" he cried; and waving his sword, advanced amongst the enemies: he was followed by his men, who tried all that desperation could effect to change the fortune of the day—but too late—the Spaniards, flushed with the success of their having gained the quarter-deck, stood firm against the assault of the crew, succeeded in repulsing them, and then followed up their advantage.

As the Rapid's men gave ground, the Spaniard's persevered in pressing them the

closer. On the gangways the fight was long sustained, until by the accumulation of numbers, overpowered by the fresh force, and sinking under fatigue and exhaustion, our men made a precipitate retreat to the fore-castle. Here again they rallied, but for a short space of time: the day was won; all chances gone; the craven spirit had manifested itself, and one by one the crew retreated down the fore hatchway.

No sooner was their retreat perceived by the Spaniards than they made a desperate rush on the remainder; and after a fruitless effort for success, and the last defiance of Smith, he presented his pistol at his nearest foe,—it missed fire; he threw the unfaithful weapon full in the face of his adversary, and before the man could recover from the blow, the captain had followed his men below, and the enemy were in undisputed possession of the upper deck. They instantly placed the hatches on, and nailed them, and then quietly sat down and refreshed themselves: their enemies were safe; no farther resistance of any consequence could be made; the victors were preparing their last revenge; and very shortly I was doomed to be the witness of unparalleled cruelty and demoniacal barbarity.

On the quarter-deck there lay five dead Spaniards; the wounded had limped away and regained the felucca, and only the dead or dying were left. I could not see how many more of the enemy were despatched, for about this time the Spaniards had begun their work of destruction, by cutting away the rigging: one man cut the main-topsail halyards, and the yard coming down, left the sail bagging over the top-brim, so as entirely to obstruct the view I had formerly got of the fore-castle, between the foot-rope and the main-stay. Our attention could now only be directed to the quarter-deck, through lubber's hole; for we did not dare risk the chance of looking over the top.

One or two more energetic than the rest of the Spaniards soon launched three of the dead men through an open port on the larboard-side: others had descended into the cabin, and returned on deck with some spirits and wine; they seemed very indifferent about their prize, most probably from having found her quite empty as to a cargo. My attention was suddenly awakened by a shriek from a female—we had three left on board: it was a charm to the ear of the Spaniards; they rushed to the companion, from which aperture the cry issued, and shortly we saw the poor victim of the Captain's brutality brought upon deck by two men, each of whom endeavoured to claim her as his prize: words ran high, the affrighted girl screamed for mercy. Mercy from Spanish pirates! Alas! that cry was unheeded. That one woman was on board was evident, and therefore more might

be: the main-hatch was taken off, and fearlessly some of the pirates descended. They soon found the other two slaves; who, after experiencing the horrid brutality of their masters, were conveyed on board the felucca. Again the Spaniards seated themselves by the combings of the hatchway, and revived all their horrible murderous intentions by continued draughts of spirits. The sun was fast sinking, and night approaching; savage intoxication soon warned them of their remaining duty before they retired to rest; and now began the dreadful close of that day of murder.

#### DROWNING OF CAPTAIN FOSTER.

(From Webster's Narrative of the Voyage of the Chanticleer.)

On the fifth of February, the day that was to close the mortal career of our unfortunate commander, with a party consisting of Mr. Fox and Mr. Kay, two young officers of the Chanticleer, attended by his servant, Peter Veitch, he embarked in a canoe at Cruces to descend the Chagres. The party embarked about nine in the morning, and proceeded down the river; their thoughts and conversation, as they passed the different reaches enjoying the scenery around them, being turned principally on the speedy termination of the voyage, and on returning soon to those friends they had left at home. Such was the pleasing occupation of their minds as the canoe glided down the river, Captain Foster having, besides, the additional satisfaction of knowing that he had secured the object of their visit.

About five in the afternoon, the canoe having just passed a rapid, Captain Foster suddenly rose up from the party, saying he would go and see what the man abaft was about. They were reclining beneath the awning of the canoe in conversation as Captain Foster crept out at the after part of it. Being outside of it with his feet resting on the gunwale, he incautiously seated himself on the awning, which had no sooner received his weight than it gave way, and he was precipitated into the river. The noise of his fall was heard, and Mr. Fox and his coxswain, Peter Veitch, instantly plunged after him. But their noble efforts were of no avail. The current swept the canoe rapidly away from the spot where the accident had occurred, and before she could be turned round to regain it, Captain Foster was seen sinking with uplifted hands, to rise no more! Thus perished our unfortunate commander.

The persons who had endeavoured to save Captain Foster by plunging after him had considerable difficulty in regaining the canoe. There, where cheerfulness and gaiety had prevailed but a few short moments before, all was now consternation and horror.

It was one of those momentary events the very suddenness of which produces a disbelief of its fatal effects, and those who witness them on recovering sufficiently from their first surprise, naturally ask themselves can this be? But the sad reality was before them, and two hours were mournfully employed in a diligent but fruitless search after the body. Night having closed in upon them, it was considered best to continue on to Chagres, where, having arrived, they awaited daylight to carry off the intelligence to the Chanticleer.

Lieutenant Austin had passed the night under sail in the brig off the mouth of the Chagres, expecting to be joined the evening before by the party. At daybreak, the gig was discovered coming off to the vessel, with Mr. Fox and Mr. J. H. Kay,\* who shortly made known the disaster that had befallen their late unfortunate commander. Immediately boats were dispatched to search for the body, and it was not until the eighth that intelligence was received that it had been seen floating in the river.

Lieutenant Austin, on whom the command of the Chanticleer had devolved, was on shore making some necessary observations when this intelligence was brought to him. A canoe was dispatched by him immediately with one of his seamen for the recovery of it, followed by the gig. Soon after midnight, Lieutenant Williams arrived on board, having succeeded in finding it.

The particulars attending the recovery of the corpse are thus related by him:—

"On the 7th of February, we were preparing to start for the Mount Carravella when the Captain's coxswain made his appearance. I felt rather astonished at seeing him, when he gave me a letter from Lieutenant Austin, with a black seal; but as all kinds of wax are the same to sailors in a hurry, I thought nothing of it till the man said, 'I have bad news, sir; Captain Foster is drowned.' I was for a moment perfectly astonished, having received his note only the day before.

"When I had collected myself, I read Lieutenant Austin's note, which contained an order to leave Gorgona immediately with my people, and assist Mr. Collinson, who had come up the river in the gig to look for the body. The circumstance was known in the village directly, and the people came flocking in numbers to the house to hear the particulars from our host. I wished to settle my bill with him, but he said it was against his religion to receive money after hearing of a death. However, his wife was not as rigid

\* This young gentleman, who was of much service to Captain Foster in his scientific operations, is spoken of in high terms by Captain Sir John Franklin, with whom he has since served in his Majesty's ship *Rainbow*.

in her ideas, and I accordingly gave her the money. The people wished us all good bye most affectionately, and appeared, now we became in some way associated with them, to feel some regret at our parting, most likely for ever. There must always be something in that feeling even among the greatest stoics.

"We were obliged to stop during the night, as the canoe-men were unwilling to go down the river by dark. At daylight we proceeded down the river till I met Mr. Collinson in the gig, who was then sweeping for the body. After we had swept for about two hours, we observed two canoes paddling rapidly along; one passed without taking any particular notice of us, but another man in the canoe that was following, came up, shouting to us in English.

"As he approached us nearer, he said in Spanish something about Captain Foster; I immediately caught at it, and asked him where, (supposing that, as it was now three days since he had fallen overboard, that the body had floated;) he replied, at a place called Palamatio Nueva. We immediately got down the awning, and the men stretched out with all their force. However, we had not proceeded above half a mile when the bowman called out, "Good God! sir, there is the Captain." We immediately laid in our oars, and approached the spot where the body lay. There was an old tree that had fallen in the river, and the body of Captain Foster was lying between the branches surrounded by Turkey buzzards.

"When we examined it, we found that one of the shoes was off, and that a fillet of wicker-work was made fast to the left leg; and there appeared no doubt that some canoe had had it in tow. I immediately desired the coxswain to feel for the chronometers; we found, however, that the right-hand pocket, in which Captain Foster carried his own watch, had been cut off; the other was left. We then felt his other pockets, and found his observation-book and purse gone. He had, however, nothing in it that could in the least benefit them, as he had but two or three dollars when he left me at Cruces, and a government bill. It was the wish of Lieutenant Austin, if possible, that the body should be towed to the ship; but, on consulting together, we considered it in such a decayed state, that it might possibly be the means of bringing a fever into the ship, particularly as the men had lately been so much harassed and exposed. We therefore towed the body across to the opposite bank, and having left the ship in a hurry, we were obliged to dig the grave with the loose thwart and an axe. When every thing was prepared, we placed it in the grave, and covered it over with the union-jack.

"Having no prayer-book, we were unable

to read the burial-service; but we reflected on the event, and considered it as a warning to us all, that, but a few days before, he was among us in health and spirits, laying out plans and arrangements for his future guidance. Alas! how futile becomes all our anticipations; for how truly may we say, "in the midst of life we are in death." His grave was quickly filled up, and watted over, so as effectually to prevent any beast of prey from being able to get at the body. The spot lies nearly halfway between Palamatio Viejo and Palamatio Nueva. There is one lone tree, close to the spot, on which is nailed a board with this inscription cut out with a knife: 'Commander H. Foster, his Majesty's ship Chanticleer, drowned in Chagres river, February 5th, 1831.' We left the spot as soon as possible, and started for the ship, which we succeeded in reaching at two that morning."

### The Public Journals.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

(By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.)

'Tis past! we've learned to live apart;

And with a faint and gradual ray,

All hope hath faded from my heart,

Like sunset on an autumn day.

Forgetful of these hours of pain,

They tell me I shall love again.

Perhaps I may! we laugh at jests

Some buried friend at random made:

Peace steals within our grieving breasts,

As sunbeams pierce the forest shade:

We learn to fling all mourning by—

Even that which clothed our memory!

Therefore I do believe this woe,

Like other things, will fade and pass;

And my crush'd heart spring up and blow.

Like flowers among the trodden grass:

But ere I *love*, it must be long—

The habits of the heart are strong.

Ere my accustomed eye can seek

In some new, unfamiliar face,

The smile that glow'd upon thy cheek,

And lent thine eye a softer grace,

When in the crowd I turned to thee,

Proud of thy certain sympathy:

Ere my poor ear, that hath been used

To live upon thy angel voice;

Its daily sustenance refused,

And forced to wander for a choice,

Can listen to some other tone,

And deem it welcome as thine own:

Ere the true heart thou couldst deceive,

Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,

And from another's lips believe

All that thy lips so falsely swore,

And hear those vows of other years

Without a burst of bitter tears:—

Ere I have half my mind explain'd

To one who shares my thoughts too late;

With weary tongue, and spirit pain'd,

And heart that still feels desolate—

Have travell'd through those by-gone days,

Which made life barren to my gaze:

What years must pass! in this world's strife,

How small will be my portion then:

The fainting energies of life

Will scarcely serve to love again.

Love! to the pale, uncertain flame,

The fervent God denies his name.

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No! let no wrong'd heart look to mine:

Such fate the wanderer hath in store,  
Who worships at a ruin'd shrine.

Where altar-fires can burn no more;  
Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—  
No deity is lingering there!

Oh! never more shall *trust* return,

Trust, by which love alone can live:

Even while I woo, my heart shall yearn

For answers thou wert wont to give,

And my faint sighs shall echoes be

Of those I breathed long since to thee!

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### A MYSTERIOUS VISITATION.

(From "*Love in the Library*," in the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

I HAD given up the early summer tea-parties, common in the town in which the University stands; and having, of course, three or four more hours than usual on my hands, I took to an afternoon habit of imaginative reading. Shakspeare came first, naturally; and I feasted for the hundredth time upon what I think his (and the world's) most delicate creation—the "*Tempest*." The twilight of the first day overtook me at the third act, where the banquet is brought in with solemn music by the fairy troop of Prospero, and set before the shipwrecked king and his followers. I closed the book, and leaning back in my chair, abandoned myself to the crowd of images which throng always upon the traces of Shakspeare. The fancy music was still in my mind, when an apparently *real* strain of the most solemn melody came to my ear, dying, it seemed to me, as it reached it, the tones were so expiringly faint and low. I was not startled, but lay quietly, holding my breath, and more fearing when the strain would be broken, than curious whence it came. The twilight deepened, till it was dark; and it still played on, changing the tune at intervals, but always of the same melancholy sweetness; till, by and by, I lost all curiosity, and, giving in to the charm, the scenes I had been reading began to form again in my mind, and Ariel, with his delicate ministers, and Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, came moving before me to the measure, as bright and vivid as the reality. I was disturbed in the midst of it by Alfonso, who came in at the usual hour with my tea; and on starting to my feet, I listened in vain for the continuance of the music. I sat thinking of it awhile, but dismissed it at last, and went out to enjoy, in a solitary walk, the loveliness of the summer night. The next day I resumed my book, with a smile at my previous credulity, and had read through the last scenes of the "*Tempest*," when the light failed me. I again closed the book, and presently again, as if the sympathy was instantaneous, the strain broke in, playing the same low and solemn melodies, and falling with the same dying cadence upon the ear. I listened to

it, as before, with breathless attention, abandoned myself once more to its irresistible spell, and half-waking, half-sleeping, fell again into a vivid dream, brilliant as fairy-land, and creating itself to the measures of the still audible music. I could not now shake off my belief in its reality; but I was so rapt with its strange sweetness, and the beauty of my dream, that I cared not whether it came from earth or air. My indifference, singularly enough, continued for several days; and regularly at twilight, I threw aside my book, and listened with dreamy wakefulness for the music. It never failed me, and its results were as constant as its coming. Whatever I had read,—sometimes a canto of Spenser, sometimes an act of a play, or a chapter of romance,—the scene rose before me with the stately reality of a pageant. At last I began to think of it more seriously; and it was a relief to me one evening when Alfonso came in earlier than usual with a message. I told him to stand perfectly still; and after a minute's pause, during which I heard distinctly an entire passage of a funeral hymn, I asked him if he heard any music? He said he did not. My blood chilled at his positive reply, and I bade him listen once more. Still he heard nothing. I could endure it no longer. It was to me as distinct and audible as my own voice; and I rushed from my room as he left me, shuddering to be left alone.

The next day I thought of nothing but death. Warnings by knells in the air, by apparitions, by mysterious voices, were things I had believed in speculatively for years, and now their truth came upon me like conviction. I felt a dull, leaden presentiment about my heart, growing heavier and heavier with every passing hour. Evening came at last, and with it, like a summons from the grave, a "*dead march*" swelled clearly on the air. I felt faint and sick at heart. This could not be fancy; and why was it, as I thought I had proved, audible to my ear alone? I threw open the window, and the first rush of the cool north wind refreshed me; but, as if to mock my attempts at relief, the dirge-like sounds rose, at the instant, with treble distinctness. I seized my hat and rushed into the street; but, to my dismay, every step seemed to bring me nearer to the knell. Still I hurried on, the dismal sounds growing distractingly louder, till, on turning a corner that leads to the lovely burying ground of New Haven, I came suddenly upon a bell-foundry! In the rear had lately been hung, for trial, the chiming bells just completed for the New Trinity Church, and the master of the establishment informed me, that one of his journeymen was a fine player, and every day, after his work, he was in the habit of amusing himself with the "*Dead March in Saul*," the "*Marsellois Hymn*," and other



melancholy and easy tunes, muffling the hammers that he might not disturb the neighbours.

GILBERT GURNEY AND HIS FRIEND DALY.

[Our readers must recollect Mr. Gurney's odd acquaintance, Daly, who, in the character of an assistant clerk to the deputy-surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company, with Gurney, invaded the peaceful villa of Sir Timothy Dod, at Twickenham, where, having done all the mischief they could, retreated in their boat to Teddington, at which place Gurney was put ashore, and took leave of his facetious friend. We quoted this droll affair from the *New Monthly Magazine*, at p. 201 of our last volume; and, as the thread is taken up in the *Magazine* for the present month, we return to these pleasant fellows. It seems that Gilbert's mother is as little aware of the existence of Daly, as she was of their hoax on Sir Timothy Dod, with whom Mrs. Gurney is acquainted; and who, aided by one Miss Crab, proposes to introduce the Misses Dod to Gilbert. The morning is fixed; but, he avoids this *contre-temps* by a journey to London; a few hours afterwards, the following scene occurs, for the particulars of which Gilbert is indebted to his excellent parent.]

The breakfast went on as usual; there was of course a little too much milk, and much too little sugar in Miss Crab's tea; and the butter was extremely bad for the time of the year when there was plenty of grass for the cows to eat,—and the raspberries were not ripe, and the eggs were not so fresh as they might be,—and so in all other matters something was wrong. Yet time and patience conquered these little ills, and a walk, succeeded by writing little notes and doing a little "work," brought the domesticated couple to within half an hour of the time at which luncheon would be served, and the Misses Dod arrive to partake of it.

At this juncture a smartish ringing at the gate-bell aroused the attention of the ladies, who began putting their faces into the most amiable shape, expecting their sylph-like visitors; but they were somewhat disappointed, and perhaps more surprised, when the servant, throwing open the door, announced Mr. Daly.

"Mr. Daly," said my mother. "Who?"  
—"Daly!" said Miss Crab. "What?"  
—"A friend of Mr. Gilbert's, ma'am," said the servant.—"Oh!" said my excellent parent; "pray desire Mr. Daly to walk in."

The invitation was superfluous, for he had "followed the heels" of the footman so closely as to be in the room before it was completed.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, ma'am," said Daly; "I believe I have the honour

of addressing the mother of my friend?" He hit that off happily, by a glance at the mystic badge which she wore on the third finger of her left hand. "I am afraid I am intruding upon your delightful seclusion, but knowing that our dear Gilbert was here last night, it occurred to me that, in all probability, he would be here this morning; and as I am staying at Hampton Court, I did hope to persuade him to come over and take a cutlet with me, and meet two or three of the 18th, who, as of course you know, are quartered there."

"My son," said Mrs. Gurney, *was* here last night, but went unexpectedly to town this morning before breakfast."

"What a delightful person he is!" said Daly; "so full of kindness and ingenuousness, and so clever! The worst of these geniuses is, they seldom have any application—sorry about his farce, poor fellow—does not seem to take it much to heart—met him yesterday at Richmond—pleasant day—pleasant place—pleasant people—do you visit much at Hampton Court, ma'am?"

My mother, who was perfectly astounded at the ease and volubility of my "slight acquaintance," said that her visiting list was a very small one, and that she rarely ventured so far.

"I find it uncommonly pleasant," said Daly, "because of the 18th—deuced fine fellows, you know, and all that; else it seems dullish. I like having all the parties under the same roof—the Palace people—the long passages and steep staircases—and then to see the Cockneys come to the Cartoons, and then to watch them at the Toy—capital fun I have there sometimes, ma'am, locking a crowd of fowls into a bed-room cupboard—the sleeping sight-seers tumble into their beds, and all is hushed and calm as my own conscience—just about daylight, ma'am, the cock in the closet begins to crow, which sets Mrs. Cock, and all the Misses Cocks into a charm of cackling, which the affrighted innocents from Finsbury-square or St. Mary Axe are as unable to account for as to check; and so from daylight, till they can rouse the servants to their assistance, the inhabitants of the hen-roost, like so many minor Macbeths, 'murder sleep.' I call that very good fun, ma'am."

"Mischief I call it," said Miss Crab. "And does Mr. Gilbert Gurney participate in such amusements as these, sir?"

"I never tell tales out of school," said Daly. "For myself, I confess I love fun; and only the night before last, being considerably annoyed by a loud snoring in the next room, proceeded to see who was the monster that caused it; and there I found a venerable lady, who incautiously slept with her door unfastened, snoring away—discoursing—as Shakspeare has it—most dis-

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cordant music with her nose. What d'ye think I did ma'am! ran to my own room—buried the cork of an Eau de Cologne bottle in the candle—retired to the apartment of the sleeping hyæna, and gave her a pair of coal-black mustachios, which, when she presented her grim visage to her daughter, who came the first thing in the morning to beg her blessing, threw the young lady into a fit of convulsions, which took Griffenhoofe of Hampton three hours and a half to get rid of—that's fun, or the deuce is in it."

"And is it," said my mother, who sat petrified at the indomitable manner of the wag—"is it to enjoy such jokes as these that you wish my son to join you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Daly, "I never involve a friend—never—if I can possibly help it—no, I should like to introduce him to the 18th: and then there are Lord and Lady Grigg, and the Miss Cranbournes, and old Lady Venerable, the charming Miss Fissgiggle, the delightful Lady Katharine Mango, and her daughter, and Miss Windmill, and the best of all excellent men, a kind-hearted, hospitable, East India Captain, the very double of the Lord Chancellor, with a pet bird fifteen feet high, legs like stilts, and a body like a goose. I promise you I will skim the cream of the Court for Gilbert if he will but come—stroll to Sunbury—drop in at Ditton—make him acquainted with all the news of the neighbourhood, and place him only second to myself in the estimation of our enlightened and select circle of society."

It must have been a curious sight to see Daly running on in the most free and easy manner, and the two ladies sitting, one beside and the other opposite to him, perfectly thunderstruck, and evidently uncertain what he would next say or do.

"I like Hampton Court," continued Daly, without paying the least attention to the astonished countenances of his companions; "a nice distance from town—out of the smoke, and among new people—Toy bad inn—servants stupid beyond measure—only one waiter, and he a Goth—I had three friends to dine with me on Tuesday, what d'ye think happened, ma'am? If you recollect it was vastly hot, Tuesday—glass 82° in the shade—asked if there was any ice—not an ounce in the house—where was the waiter? the waiter—only conceive, ma'am, the singularity of the sound in a house half as big as a county hospital—Lawrence was gone to Chertsey—I had no resource—could not wait till he came back—wanted to cool my wine—ordered the maid to get a pail of pump-water, put it in the shade on the leads at the back of the house, and pop into it two bottles of Grave, two of Hock, and two of Champagne—what d'ye think occurred?"

"I have no idea," said Miss Crab, who

was provoked into conversation. "Most likely the girl forgot it."

"Not she ma'am," said Daly, "wish she had. No; she did as she was bid, most punctually. Dinner-time came; soup served. My friends, Tootle, Bootle, and Sims, of the 18th, all seated. I turned to Lawrence, who was just back from Chertsey, and at the back of my chair—"Get a bottle of Hock and the Grave," said I.

"Where, sir," said he.

"Oh!" said I, "you'll find them in a pail of water, in a shady draught of air, on the leads."

"Very well, sir," says he; and away he goes, and quick enough he comes back. "Pretty job, sir," says Lawrence, with a face like the ghost of Gaffer Thumb—"Who did this for you, sir?"

"What?" said I.

"Put the Grave and the Hock to cool."

"Who?" said I. "Why, Fanny Lanshawe, the chambermaid."

"Fanny be—!" You'll excuse my not repeating what he said, ma'am.

"She has served you a nice trick, sir. Look here." And sure enough, ma'am, suiting the action to the word, in he brings the pail, into which the simple creature had emptied the six bottles, and exhibits to our astonished eyes three gallons and a half of very weak mixed wine and water. These are drawbacks, ma'am; but there must be alloys to everything. For my part, nothing damps me—nothing shakes me; I go on laughing along my flowery course, and care for nothing."

At this moment, in which Daly was boasting of his imperturbable serenity and joyousness, the drawing-room door was flung open, and the servant announced, in an audible voice—"Miss Dod, and Miss Fanny Dod." There, before his astonished eyes, stood, in all their native loveliness arrayed, the two accomplished daughters of his last victim. They approached, but started back for an instant, on recognising their persecutor domesticated with their new acquaintances. The ladies rose to receive their guests, and were just shaking hands, when Daly, in a tone of exquisite torture exclaimed, "Oh, my nose—my nose!" and instantly enveloped his whole countenance in a full-sized bandana handkerchief.

"Dear me!" exclaimed my mother, "what is the matter, sir?"

"A trifle, ma'am," said Daly, with his face buried in the bandana. "My nose, ma'am—subject to periodical fits of bleeding—after a dreadful fall over a five-barred gate, near Grantham. Don't mind me, ma'am. I'll run away; perhaps it mayn't stop for a fortnight. I won't worry you—I'm off—I'll plunge my head into the river. Just remember me to Gilbert; say I called: and, oh

dear—dear—how unlucky! Adieu—good morning;" saying which, without removing the handkerchief, he bustled away, and hurried out of the room. Mrs. Gurney was not very sorry to perform the office of ringing the bell, in order that he might have free egress from her peaceful cottage.

"What an extraordinary man!" said my mother.—"Is he mad?" said Miss Crab.—"Do you know him well?" said Fanny Dod.—"No; he is an intimate friend of my son. I——"—"Indeed, interrupted Miss Dod.—"Why," said my mother, "do you know any thing of him, Miss Dod."—"No good, I am sure," said Miss Crab.

"Why," said Fanny, "we know no great harm of him; only he came to our house last night with his clerk, a much better-behaved person than himself—and frightened us all out of our wits, by threatening to pull down mamma's dear conservatory."

"Pull down a conservatory!" said my mother!

"Yes, officially," said Miss Dod.

"Why, what is he?" said my mother.

"A painter and glazier, I dare say," said Miss Crab.

"No," continued Miss Dod. "You know, of course, who he is."

"Not I," said my mother. "He said he was an intimate friend of my son, and came to invite him to meet some of the 18th at Hampton Court at dinner to-day."

"Yes," said Miss Crab; "Tootle, Bootle, and Sims were their names."

"There are such men in the 18th," said Fanny Dod. "The oran-outang's name is Tootle, Gussy."

"So it is," said Augusta; "but I cannot believe that this person would be giving dinners to officers of the 18th."

"Why, what really is he?" said my mother, getting very anxious to know who her Gilbert's great crony was.

"Oh!" said Fanny, "there's no harm; only he was very rude to papa, at least. He came measuring our lawn, in order to ascertain the shortest cut for a canal to Brentford."

"And," said Augusta, "we behaved as well as possible to him and his clerk; and yet he vowed vengeance on the corner, and threatened to bring the barge-road close under our bed-room windows."

"Still you don't say how he could do this, Miss Dod," said my mother.

"Why, I believe he is the Acting Deputy Assistant Surveyor to the Grand Junction Canal Company," said Augusta; "and a very forward, rude person into the bargain."

"And Gilbert's particular friend!" exclaimed my mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said Miss Crab, in her glory; "and yet you are quite sure that he never will form an acquaintance or connexion likely to turn out disgracefully."

Luckily, at that moment luncheon was announced, and the party proceeded to the breakfast-parlour to partake of it.

## The Gatherer.

*Origin of the Word "Quiz."*—At the time Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish Theatres, he usually spent Saturday evening in the society of some of the first wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, and the manager staked a large sum that he would cause a word to be spoken, by a certain day, in all the principal streets of Dublin, having no meaning, neither derived from any known language. Wagers having been laid, and the stakes deposited, Daly went immediately to the theatre, and dispatched all the supernumeraries and servants of the establishment with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on most of the shop-doors and windows in the city. It being Sunday next day, all the shops were shut, and every one going to or coming from church, saw the word; every person at the same time repeating it: so that "Quiz" was heard all over Dublin. The circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window, caused much surprise; and ever since should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression of "You are quizzing me." S. T. B.

### Life—(from Ovid.)

"Like waters, ages upon ages glide,  
And who can check the lapse of time or tide?  
As waves to waves succeed along the shore,  
The new one urg'd, and urging all before;  
So moments flow, while others quick succeed,  
And yet for ever new!"

*Monsieur Cabet, of le Populaire, is not your Monsieur Cobbet, as had been supposed. —Letter from Paris.*

*What is Genius?*—To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances, which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

"With sun and moon, and stars throughout the year,  
And man, and woman;"

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents.

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as, in like manner, imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.

—Coleridge.

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